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Five Poems

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Seas

Like everything that has lost the formula for stopping itself
MANON OLIGNY

In habitat hard and high
colourfast and overclean
sipping perishables
from vessels sempiternal –

Forget diamonds. Forget bronze
and cryogenics. Plastics

are built to last, as bodies are
to fall apart.

Bindings and buttons
processors and engines
discs and doorbells

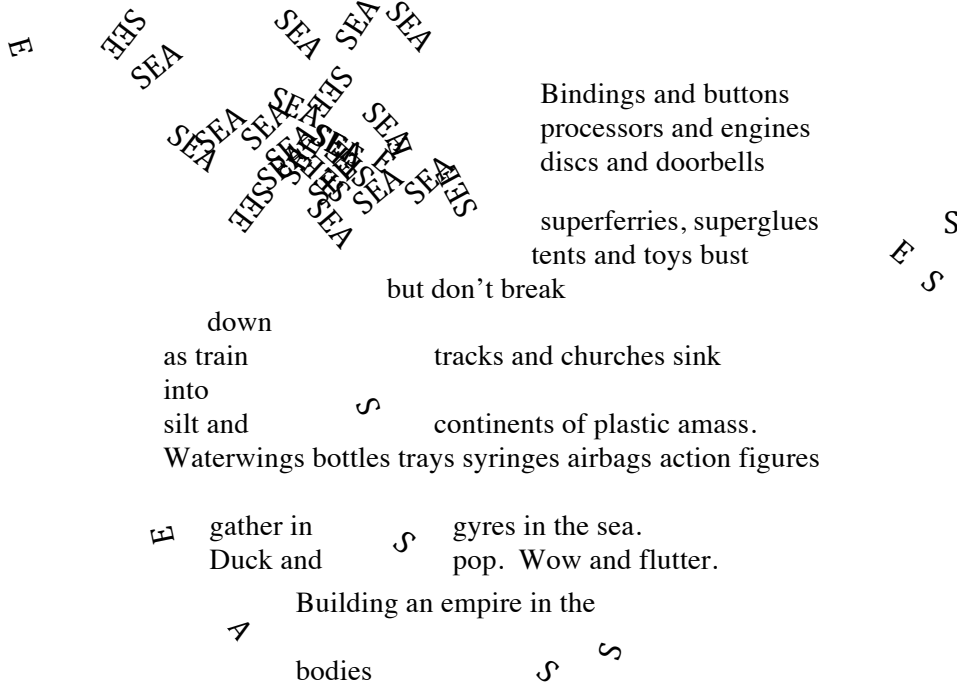
superferries, superglues
tents and toys bust

but don't break

down
as train tracks and churches sink
into silt and continents of plastic amass.
Waterwings bottles trays syringes airbags action figures

gather in gyres in the sea.
Duck and pop. Wow and flutter.

Building an empire in the
bodies
of everything.



Plot

(to be read aloud)

Our banks are tender,
our banks for sea
our interest.

Hour banks
wood trust
our bonds
Our banks fir give, our banks

float

banks our safe
our banks rain
our banks wood
weight,
 wood
profit knot, not our bank
hour bank wood knot crack
 our bonds

wood not crack organs, seeds, ore sums
wood not sell our cells
for prophet
or tender
our sons

Left

No one kept watch, except for
all of us.
We made human chains we
wrote operas we
conducted interviews and
released the data and started
smoking again, bought up everything
we could just to stop it, it didn't
stop we found hope anyway
then lost the case, we
lay on our backs and
just floated. We saw 150 species a day
go extinct we
did not want to be people
we were tired of talking we
started singing we said maybe it's
over, we delivered a formal apology to the salmon
we did a controversial pregnant photoshoot
in front of a nuclear reactor, all those nice curves,
we made page 15 of the New York Times, ok,
we delighted in the letters to the editor that said
I was 'going to give my baby cancer,' well exactly,
then we got scared anyway and moved
somewhere clean because we could and
dressed him in cornsilk and we
bought a car and drove him around in it singing because
it was the only thing that made him stop crying we
wondered where all that grief came from we

Organ

Flickering
gun-shy dark
sensations,
illustrious soft machine,
looped, most proximal
Do you even know
*What part of you you are?**

Chemist programmer waste management prodigy
structural analyst shamanic kinetic engineer
I'm not. My open palms, disorganized dreams
wild chemicals
ruin the mood
ruin sunlight, lace
boots up and stare at

shapes that
will not assemble or account for this
whipped black chrysalis
uncut and mixed with math
in liquid dendritic branches, whirling
orchestra of alert butter by which

You stare at the day, resplendent
in your lack of plans, your unrhymed
desires, free to dabble in doubt
while the virtuoso, the polymath
of you makes way, makes
way

*Alice Notley

Dialogue

And so you drove a rented sports car
right out of town

and found a lonely beach
to spin spiracles on

and bathed your screwed back together face
in Lake Huron, like so many pilgrims have done

and you asked the lake
to remake certain facts

and the lake replied
with an experimental colour fiction

which you entered
choreographed by clouds

but the applause came too early
and they went back to their posts

so you lay down in the green grass
and let your wandering eye go

lonely as a cloud, your colours
too bright for camouflage

and all this time she was nearby
skipping stones in your blindspot

and your eyes moved in unison
to face her face with its many bright eyes

and you loved it so terribly
you teetered between the two and the one and the countless

positions, gracefully lurch
into an imagination more wolf-choired and many-eyed than you

knew you could never not know

ERIN ROBINSONG is a poet, performance artist and editor. This spring her work can also be found in *Tag: Canadian Poets at Play*, *The Capilano Review*, *Canadian Xstasy*, and onstage at Artscape Youngplace (Toronto) and Stable (Montréal). She teaches at Humber College, in the Toronto Public libraries with *Swallowing Clouds*, and online with *Story is a State of Mind*, and migrates between Toronto and coastal BC.